

Nocturne

by Kathryn Anne

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Summary: Some things will never be forgotten. A "verse dialogue", and possibly the best thing I've written in years.

Nocturne

> <meta name="Author"> Nocturne A/N: I'm trying something a little different. This dialogue was inspired by Sylvia Plath's "Three Women", a radio play/poem. The two speakers are both addressing the same person, and they are separated in time. "Nocturne" is a term for a musical "night song." And this didn't turn out the way I expected AT ALL -- I guess some things have a mind of their own. Please tell me what you think! This is my first attempt at serious writing in quite a while, and I'm a bit nervous about it (Papers don't count, neither do my previous "sarcasm" offerings. And I plan on writing another few chapters of "A Lesson Learned" this weekend. I'll have time on my hands then.)

****Nocturne****

>A Verse Dialogue for Two Women.
>

First Voice:

> Awake
>I watch you shudder
stare, unseeing
>such haunted eyes!
your shoulder rigid beneath my hand
>your fingers icy
what is it?
>what do you remember? <p>"No secrets."
so many years ago, we promised:
>and both kept faith.
all about that night --
>the pain, the scar, the roaring
silent blinding
>darkness <p>
>
> and still, night by night,
>you scream
soundlessly

>as your heart races frantically,
desperately,
>futile. <p>
>
> what is it?
>what do you remember?<p>

Second Voice:

> Softly murmuring
>nonsense, gibberish
sweet foolish rhymes;
>rocking in darkness,
a dark private world
>for us. <p>Your soft flawless skin:
I touch it in awe,
>why am I given
this blank slate,
>this innocent,
you?
>
> and for a space,
>an instant,
an infinity;
>the manic time-spheres
stand
>still.<p>

First voice:

> So many years,
>and still I wonder,
how are you here with me?
>
> so many heartbeats,
>a moment, a breath,
half a lifetime;
>and still I wonder,
what is it?
>what happened?
what do you remember?

>Second Voice: <p>

> asleep, finally,
>singing softly as I lay you down.
when it came, I knew,
>and did not hesitate. <p>I stepped cleanly,
quickly,
>lightly
forward,
>to the inevitable. <p>
>
> one last plea,
>oh, just one: <p>
>
> "dear god, don't let him remember."

>Another note: In case you haven't noticed, the speakers are Harry's
wife and Lily Potter, respectively.

>

>

>

End
file.